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[VOL. I.]

POETRY.

LITTLE PLAID SUN-BONNET.

Little plaid sun-bonnet, what do you hide,
Down in the grass by the sunny wall-side?
Any short ringlets half out of curl?
Any round forehead as pure as a pearl?
Any blue eyes with a laugh bubbling over?
Any red mouth closing on a red clover?
Is it the wind makes you dance up and down,
Or is it a fairy head under your crown?

O, Earth is bright, by the glad summer kissed!
Millions of roses might scarcely be missed;
Acres of butter-cups, growing so gay,
Cause not a sigh when their gold drops away.
Yet to my heart how your charm were destroyed,
All your fresh meadows how wintry and void.
Earth, should you lose from your beauty and pride
Just what a little plaid bonnet can hide.

CHEAP JACK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I am a Cheap Jack, and my own father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William, but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum.—On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way:—If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery? As to looking at the argument through the medium of the Register, Willum Marigold came into the world before Registers come up much—and went out of it too. They would not have been greatly in his line neither, if they had chanced to come up before him.

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

I am at present a middle-aged man of a broadish build, in cords, leggings, and a sleeved waistcoat the strings of which is always gone behind. Repair them how you will, they go like fiddle-strings. You have

been to the theatre, and you have seen one of the violin-players screw up his violin, after listening to it as if it had been whispering the secret to him that it feared it was out of order, and then you have heard it snap. That's as exactly similar to my waistcoat, as a waistcoat and a violin can be like one another.

I am partial to a white hat, and I like a shawl round my neck wore loose and easy. Sitting down is my favorite posture. If I have a taste in point of personal jewelry, it is mother-of-pearl buttons. There you have me again, as large as life.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. It was a pretty tray. It represented a large lady going along a serpentine uphill gravel-walk, to attend a little church. Two swans had likewise come astray with the same intentions. When I call her a large lady, I don't mean in point of breadth, for there she fell below my views, but she more than made it up in height; her height and slinness was—in short the height of both.

I often saw that tray, after I was the innocently smiling cause (or more likely screeching one) of the doctor's standing it up on a table against the wall in his consulting-room. Whenever my own father and mother were in that part of the country, I used to put my head (I have heard my own mother say it was flaxen curls at that time, though you wouldn't know an old hearth-broom from it now, till you come to the handle and found it wasn't me) in at the doctor's door, and the doctor was always glad to see me, and said, "Aha, my brother practitioner! Come in, little M. D. How are your inclinations as to sixpence?"

You can't go on for ever, you'll find, nor yet could my father nor yet my mother. If you don't go off as a whole when you are about due, you're liable to go off in part and two to one your head's the part.—Gradually my father went off his, and my mother went off hers. It was in a harmless way, but it put out the family where I boarded them. The old couple, though retired, got to be wholly and solely devoted to the Cheap Jack business, and were always selling the family off. Whenever the cloth was laid for dinner, my father began rattling the plates and dishes, as we do in our line when we put up crockery for a bid, only he had lost the trick of it, and mostly let 'em drop and broke 'em. As the old lady had been used to sit in the cart, and hand the articles out one by one to the old gentleman on the footboard to sell, just in the same she handed him every item of the family's property, and they disposed of it in their

own imaginations from morning to night. At last the old gentleman, lying bedridden in the same room with the old lady, cries out in the old patter, fluent, after having been silent for two days and nights: "Now here, my jolly companions every one—which the Nightingale club in a village was held, At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears, Where the singers no doubt would have greatly excelled, But for want of taste voices and ears—now here, my jolly companions every one, is a working model of a used-up old Cheap Jack, without a tooth in his head, and with a pain in every bone: so like life that it would be just as good if it wasn't better, just as bad if it wasn't worse, and just as new if it wasn't worn out. Bid for the working model of the old Cheap Jack, who has drunk more gunpowder-tea with the ladies in his time than would blow the lid off a washerwoman's copper, and carry it as many thousands of miles higher than the moon as nought nix nought, divided by the national debt, carry nothing to the poor-rates, three under, and two over. Now my hearts of oak and men of straw, what do you say for the lot? Two shillings, a shilling, tenpence, eightpence, sixpence, fourpence. Twopence? Who said twopence? The gentleman in the scarecrow's hat? I am ashamed of the gentleman in the scarecrow's hat. I really am ashamed of him for his want of public spirit. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! I'll throw you in a working model of an old woman, that was married to the old Cheap Jack so long ago, that upon my word and honor it took place in Noah's Ark, before the Unicorn could get in to forbid the banns by blowing a tune upon his horn. There now! Come! What do you say for both? I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I don't bear you malice for being so backward. Here! If you make me a bid that'll only reflect a little credit on your town, I'll throw you in a warming-pan for nothing, and lend you a toasting-fork for life. Now come; what do you say after that splendid offer? Say two pound, say thirty shillings, say a pound, say ten shillings, say five, say two and six. You don't say even two and six? You say two and three? No. You shan't have the lot for two and three. I'd sooner give it you, if you was good looking enough. Here! Missis! Chuck the old man and woman into the cart, put the horse to, and drive 'em away and bury 'em!" Such were the last words of Willum Marigold, my own father, and they were carried out, by him and by his wife my own mother on one and the same day, as I ought to know, having followed as mourner.

My father had been a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work, as his dying observations went to prove. But I top him. I don't say it because it's myself, but because it has been universally acknowledged by all that has had the means of comparison. I have worked at it. I have measured myself against other public speakers, Members of Parliament, Platforms, Pulpits, Counsels learned in the law—and where I have found 'em good, I have took a bit of imitation from 'em, and where I have found 'em bad, I have left 'em alone. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers?—

Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks, I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart.—I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket, a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was). "Now here my blooming English maidens, is an article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings, biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound for it, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve table-spoons, and twelve tea-spoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever-beautiful old lady in Threadneedle-street, London city. I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm a-going to do with it. I'm not a-going to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." She laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "Oh dear! It's never you and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I am yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times—which, by-the-by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen years. Now my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a Cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five or six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Di-

voiced Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide, but in a cart it does come home to you and stick to you. Violence in a cart is so violent, and aggravation in a cart is so aggravating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside, and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging shelf and cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you wouldn't call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out, he would give a howl and bolt. How he knew it, was a mystery to me, but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I'd wish I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies, she beat the child. This got to be so shocking as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper—in a cart—without coming to a fight. It's in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then the poor child got worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt generally, and her mother made complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word went round, "Here's a wretch of a Cheap Jack been a beating his wife."

Little Sophy was such a brave child. She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now, that I didn't go tearing mad, when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

SCENE AT THE ELECTION—CONCLUDED.

We left Valentine at the meeting just at the point when Mr. Maxill was rolled so unceremoniously into the street.

The mayor now fondly imagined that this would have the effect of restoring perfect order; he believed that after such an example as that, no individual, or body of individuals, would dare to offer the slightest interruption to the proceedings of

the day; and having expressed himself quietly to that effect, he bowed and waved his hand to Mr. Creedale.

That gentleman accordingly came forward once more, and said—"Gentlemen, it is with unspeakable—"

"Blarney!" cried Valentine.

"Silence!" exclaimed the mayor, with a melodramatic stamp that shook the platform.

"The eye of England," said Mr. Creedale, "nay, the eye o all Europe—[Asia, Africa, and America, added Valentine]—are upon you, and I can only say that anything more—"

"Laughable," cried Valentine, assuming the voice of a respectable plumber who stood near him.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mayor, "to what depth of degradation have we dived! For the love of grace, permit me to say that anything more disgraceful never came within the pale of my experience. Am I to be supported? (Loud cries of 'yes, yes!') Then, in the name of mighty reason, I call upon you loudly, boldly, emphatically, and that with all the energy of which I am capable, to do so." ["We will! we will!"]

"Down with the tory myrmidons!" "Down with the rank revolutionary raff!" and loud cheers.]

At this stage of the proceedings, the mayor quietly intimated to Mr. Creedale that it would perhaps be, under the circumstances, expedient to cut it short; and Mr. Creedale having with half an eye perceived the propriety of that suggestion, concluded amidst general uproar, with the following most pointed remark:

"Gentlemen, since you will not hear me speak, I shall beg at once to nominate my friend, Mr. Stoue, a man whose equal as a fit and proper person to be a paving commissioner is not to be found."

Hereupon, there were loud cheers from the liberal party, and hisses and groans from the tories, and when Mr. Leechamp rose to second the nomination, the cheering, and hissing, and groaning were renewed.

Mr. Mac Ireling then came forward to propose Mr. Slab, who had the whole of the conservative interest on his side; but the moment he appeared in the front of the platform, Valentine cried, "Now for a signal retaliation! now for our revenge!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mac Ireling.

"You'll not let a rank tory speak, if you are men!" exclaimed Valentine; and Mr. Mac Ireling was immediately assailed with a tremendous volley of groans from the liberals, who naturally believed that the conservatives had created the whole of the previous disturbance.

"Gentlemen!—Gentlemen!!—Gentlemen!!!—reiterated the mayor at intervals appropriately filled up with hissing, groaning, cheering, whistling, and yelling. "I demand to be heard. I insist—I insist upon silence. ("Order, order!" "chair, chair!") In the name of all that's gracious let it not—let it not, oh! let it not go forth to the world, that the men of this ancient and enlightened borough, in the nineteenth century, in the heart of the British empire; in the centre, the very bull's eye of civilization, are slaves to passion, idiots, madmen, and fools. (Loud cheers.) Am I a cypher? (Hear, hear.) On the instant would I dissolve this most outrageous meeting, were it not that I am determined to maintain inviolate the dignity of the office I have the honor to hold, and not to be intimidated, frightened, alarmed, or put down by mere clamor. (Vehement cheering.) If we are to proceed, in the name of blind and impartial justice, of mighty and immortal reason, of invincible and sound constitutional common sense, in the name of all that is mighty, respectable and just, let us do so."

This pointed and poetic appeal, delivered as it was, in tones of the most eloquent indignation, had the effect of inspiring the audience with awe, which induced something bearing the semblance of order to prevail.

Mr. Mac Ireling then again stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen, I hope that my conduct has been of a character to command the esteem of—"

"The tories!" shouted Valentine.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the mayor, with his hands clenched, and raising his voice to the highest raging pitch—"by all that is powerful and pure, I'll commit that man who again presumes to utter a single syllable for the purpose of—"

Valentine here sent into the body of the meeting an awful melo-dramatic "Hal hal hal" which appeared absolutely to electrify his worship, who loudly cried, "Officers, now do your duty!"

In vain those respectable functionaries, sweating with indignation, rushed to the middle of the hall, with the laudable view of arresting the delinquent. Loud laughter was still heard, but invariably behind them, whichever way they happened to turn. The perspiration poured down their cheeks,

for their exertions were really terrific. They stamped, and puffed, and tore, and shook their fists, and looked eternal daggers at every man in their vicinity. The laughter was heard still; and away they went again with fresh energy, inspired by his worship's reiterated cries of "Officers, now do your duty!" At length, fairly driven to desperation, and being in a state of the most excruciating mental agony, they resolved on seizing some one, and accordingly collared Mr. Lym, a highly reputable baker, whom they happily discovered in the atrocious act of smiling at the ridiculous character of their appearance. In vain Mr. Lym proclaimed his innocence!—they had caught him in the act! and hence proceeded to drag him towards the door with all possible violence. In the space of one minute, Mr. Lym was divested of his top coat, under coat, waistcoat and shirt!—those articles of apparel having been torn completely off by the enraged functionaries in the due execution of their duty. Lym would have left the hall quietly enough, but the radicals would by no means suffer him to do so. They rushed to the rescue; and on Valentine shouting out "Down with the republicans!" in one voice, and "Down with the Tories!" in another, a general battle ensued, which was kept up on both sides with infinite spirit, while the mayor, duly mounted on the table, was engaged in denouncing the irregular proceedings with all the indignant energy at his command.

The voice of Valentine was now no longer needed. The electors were making amply sufficient noise without his aid.—He therefore mounted the rostrum partly for safety and partly with a view to the full enjoyment of the scene, and then for the first time discovered that instead of the combatants being divided into two grand political parties, as they ought to have been, they were levelling their blows with indiscriminate fury, regardless utterly of everything but the pleasure of conferring upon some one the honor of a hit. In one corner of the hall there was a dense mass of electors, of whom the majority were extremely corpulent; hugging and hanging on each other, like bees when they swarm, with such remarkable tenacity, that the entire body formed a most interesting exemplification of a perfectly dead lock. In another corner there were two lines of amateur gladiators, hitting out as hard as they could hit, but as they all, very discreetly, closed their eyes to preserve them, and went in head foremost, their evolutions were not strictly scientific, although the hardest head did the greatest amount of execution. In a third corner of the hall, there was a phalanx of individuals who formed a complete Gordian knot, and who contented themselves with elbowing and grinning at each other with most praiseworthy zeal; while in the fourth, there were two distinct ranks of independent electors, one half of whom were striving to protect their friends, by striking over the shoulders of those friends whom they kept with appropriate consideration in the front, to receive all the blows.

While these really delightful proceedings were being conducted, certain well-intentioned persons, who had escaped, conceiving it to be the commencement of a sanguinary revolution, rushed with breathless haste to the Bull, which they knew to be the headquarters of a troop of dragoons, then temporarily stationed in the town, and at once gave the alarm, that the rebellion might be nipped in the bud. Before the awful tale could be told twice, the trumpet sounded on the Market Hill, to horse! and in less than five minutes the entire troop, headed by a mounted magistrate, galloped to the scene of action.

"Upon 'em!" loudly shouted Mr. Alldread; char-r-r-r-ge!"

The gallant captain smiled; and his men had absolutely the cold-blooded audacity to wink at each other with gleeful significance.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Alldread, utterly astonished at the manifest indisposition of the soldiers to cut the rebels individually into mince-meat. "Why, what do you fear? In the king's name, again I command you to mow the traitors down!"

Captain Copeland, perceiving every eye fixed upon him, at once gracefully waved his bright sword until the point rested opposite the door, when the rebels, viewing this as an intimation that they would all be permitted to depart unscotched, rushed with all the alacrity at their command into the street, and in the space of five minutes the entire body of the hall was deserted.

The soldiers smiled as they saw the rebels running; but, although Mr. Alldread insisted upon the propriety of the troop giving them chase, the party proceeded with due dignity to dinner, after which the bottle went round merrily till midnight, when the mayor and the rest of the members of the corporation, at the particular desire of Mr. Alldread, were conducted to the doors of their respective residences, under a most formidable military escort.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER; OR, VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

Our readers will remember that Prince Orsini, although suspected of the death of Vittoria, was permitted to depart unmolested.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUDED.

But the magistrate gave instant orders that the gates and walls of the city should be guarded, and no one permitted, without special license, to leave the town. They also caused the messenger, who was carrying Orsini's letter to his cousin, to be stopped as soon as he was clear of the city gates; and on searching him found a second letter to the following effect:

"TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS LORD, THE PRINCE VIRGINIO ORSINI."

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIGNOR. We have executed that which was determined on between us; and that in such sort, that we have entirely duped the noble Captain Tondini [probably the chief of the Paduan magistrates], so that I pass here for the most upright man in the world. I did the job in person. Do not fail therefore to send here forthwith the people you know of."

This letter was immediately sent off to Venice by the magistrates. And the same evening (say the contemporary accounts, though, bearing in mind the distance, about twenty miles, and the usual rate of locomotion at that day, this seems hardly credible) a special commissioner, Signor Luigi Bragadino, no less a man than one of the chiefs of the Council of Ten, arrived in Padua, with full powers from the senate, and orders to take, alive or dead, at any cost, Ludovico Orsini and all his followers.

The lion of St. Mark was a different guess sort of power to have to deal with from the imbecile and corrupt successors of St. Peter, under whose no-rule Orsini had formed his ideas of public justice. Things began to look very serious. But still he could not yet imagine that it would literally come to pass that he should be seized and brought to trial, like a common plebeian. He thought, probably, that a show of resistance would be sufficient to convince the magistrates that the easiest and best course was to drop the matter, as he had so often seen to be the case. So he gathered his men into his house, barricaded doors and windows, and prepared to stand a siege.

The audacity, and to modern notions, the absurdity, of an individual thus attempting to brave the whole power of the state, and that state Venice, is to us hardly intelligible. But powerful as the senate of Venice was—far more powerful than any other Italian government of that period—and fully determined as the magistrates were to vindicate the outrage done to their authority by the perpetrators of the late crime, "at any cost," as their orders ran, the means to which they were obliged to resort for the attainment of this end are a very significant proof of the sort of difficulties the civil power had to contend with in sixteenth-century Italy.

Luigi Bragadino, chief of the dreaded Ten, immediately on his arrival proceeded to the town-hall, and sat there in council with the podesta and captain

more than an hour. A proclamation was then issued, calling on all well-disposed subjects of St. Mark to present themselves armed in the neighborhood of the house occupied by the prince. Those who had no arms were directed to apply at the fortress, where arms would be distributed to them. Two thousand ducats were promised to any man who should deliver Ludovico Orsini, alive or dead, to the captain; and five hundred ducats for any one of his followers. Cannon were placed on the city walls, near which the house held by the enemy was situated. Boats full of armed men were stationed on the river, which likewise passed near the house, to prevent the possibility of escape by that means. A body of cavalry was placed in an open spot in the vicinity. Barricades were erected in the streets of the city, in case the enemy should make a united sally against the citizens. And, finally, all persons who were not armed were enjoined to keep within doors, that they might not run into danger needlessly, or embarrass the movements of the armed men.

It must be admitted that these preparations for the arrest of a murderer testify that the Venetian government, if it declined to admit the noble Signor Ludovico's theory that an Orsini ought to be allowed to do whatever he pleased unquestioned, was at least abundantly impressed with the difficulty of laying hands on so great a man. One of the old writers, indeed, who has recorded these warlike dispositions, seems to have felt that his readers might be struck by the apparent disproportion of the extent of them to the object in view. And to explain it, he enlarges on the consideration that the desperadoes under Orsini's orders, though but forty men, were all soldiers, thoroughly armed, accustomed to warfare, and to desperate deeds of all sorts, opposed to citizens altogether unused to arms. And he seems to imply that even the paid men-at-arms at the disposal of the city authorities, were naturally to be expected to be soldiers of a very different stamp from the dare-devil ruffians in the pay of Orsini.

When these manifold preparations were all ready, three of the principal citizens of the town were sent to Orsini to ask if he would surrender; intimating that in doing so lay his only hope of mercy.

The noble felon took a very lofty tone with these ambassadors. If all the forces assembled against him were immediately withdrawn, he said, he would consent to meet the magistrates with three or four only of his followers, "to treat respecting the matter," on the express condition that he should be at liberty to return to his house whenever he so pleased.

The magistrates, on receiving this insolent reply, sent the bearers of it back again, with orders to assure Orsini that if he did not at once and unconditionally surrender himself, they would raze the house to the ground. He answered that he would die rather than make such a submission. So the attack was begun.

The magistrates might, one of the narrators tells us, have levelled the house with the ground by one discharge of all the artillery they had. And they were blamed by public opinion for not doing so, inasmuch as the course adopted by them involved a greater risk of the possibility that the besieged might make a sortie. And then, said the townsfolk, who knew

what the result might have been? But the worthy chief of the Ten, who, in the midst of his vigorous measures "had yet a prudent mind," and did not forget that St. Mark would have a bill to pay for the mischief done, when it was all over, was bent on unkennelling the vermin with as little damage to property as might be.

One or two guns accordingly were directed against a colonnade in front of the house, which speedily came down. This did not seem, however, to abate a jot the courage of the besieged, who kept up a brisk fire from the windows, without, however, doing other damage than wounding one townsman in the shoulder. Some cannon of heavier calibre were then directed against one corner of the main building, and at the first discharge brought down a large mass of wall, and with it one Pandolfo Lesprati, of Camerino, "a man of great courage, and a bandit of much importance. He was outlawed in the States of the Church, and the illustrious Signor Vitelli had put a price of four hundred crowns on his head for the murder of Vincent Vitelli, who had been killed in his carriage by stabs given by Ludovico Orsini by the arm of Pandolfa. Stunned by his fall, he could not move, and a certain man, a servant of the Lista family, advanced and very bravely cut off his head, and carried it to the magistrates at the fortress.

Another shot brought down another fragment of the house, and with it another of the chiefs of Ludovico's band, crushed to death in the ruins. Orsini now became aware that further resistance was hopeless. It was evident that the magistrates were in earnest in their determination to have him in their power; and bidding his people not to surrender till they had orders from him, he came out and gave himself up. He, probably, still thought that the senate would not think of proceeding to extremity with "a man of his sort," as he frequently said. And when brought before the magistrates, he behaved in this supercilious manner, "leaning against the balcony, and cutting his nails with a little pair of scissors," while they questioned him. When told that he would be imprisoned, he desired only that it might be in some place "fit for a man of his quality;" and on that condition, he consented to send orders to his followers to surrender.

The town soldiers, therefore, entered the house, and marched off to prison, two and two, all the survivors they found in it; and "the bodies of the slain were left to the dogs!" Ludovico Orsini was strangled in his prison the same night. Two of his men were hung the next day; thirteen the day after; "and the gallows," says the contemporary chronicler, "is still standing for the execution of the remaining nineteen, on the first day that is not a festival. But the executioner is excessively fatigued, and the people are, as it were, agonized by the sight of so many deaths. So they have put off the remaining executions for a couple of days."

And so ends the history of the marvelously beautiful Vittoria Accoramboni and her two husbands; a striking, but by no means unique or abnormal sample of a state of society produced and fashioned, according to the certain and invariable operations of God's moral laws, by the same evil influences, lay and spiritual—absolutely the same in kind, if somewhat mitigated in intensity—from which Italy is now straining every nerve to escape.—[*Abridged from All the Year Round.*

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1868.

NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER TWO.

Of the effect of circumstances in the formation of national character, the Frenchman is an apt illustration. He is light and volatile in his disposition, because there has been nothing in his history to develop rugged strength of character. As a nation, France has floated smoothly down the stream of time—the magnificent nation. Except in the revolutions which in later times have rolled over it, France has had a tranquil time. It has never had to struggle for national existence like Switzerland. National greatness and prosperity have been its general lot; hence, like a child of affluence, it is without that strength and resolution of character which distinguish nations which have had to work their way to eminence, and hold every inch of their ground by hard fighting.

The great love of the Frenchman for military display and show generally, his genius for taste, etiquette and refinement, can all be distinctly traced to his surroundings; the love of military glory to his great military history, for what a man or a nation can do well, each are sure to love to do. France loves military movements because she has excelled in conquest and invasion. Equally can the gallantry and politeness of the Frenchman be traced to the history of his country. First among the surrounding nations of modern Europe, to develop kingly splendor and courtly glory, she became in these matters the school and study of the neighboring nations; hence she became the pioneer of grace, taste and refinement. The Frenchman having been, in Europe, by circumstances and general concurrence, consulted always as the arbiter of taste and etiquette, has been led to develop these qualities to immense perfection, but as these perfections belong to the lighter and more superficial qualities of our nature, the Frenchman appears light and volatile in his disposition. He excels in wit, in sprightly and salient vigor, in the glories of delicate ornamentation, in the most exquisite sense of propriety as to forms, hues, gestures and expressions; but he has not developed to the same perfection the massive, solid and enduring elements of character. Providence has led and trained his energies more eminently in another direction. He is like us all, the child of his history and surroundings.

So much we wish to say at present, for the way in which nations have acquired their present national characteristics. We do not, however, wish it to be understood that circumstances and surroundings, independent of peculiarities of race, will produce the same national features. It takes the great heavy brain of the German, the Hollander, the Dane, Englishman or American, to produce the dominant race they represent. But in the same race, all the difference of characteristics—all the peculiar thoughts and tastes—the superior prominence or development given to peculiar talent by each, can be fully accounted for by the causes referred to.

Men and nations, as we have endeavored to show, are not altogether to be blamed or praised for what

they are. We do not say that in moral character they could not, if they wished it, sometimes be different, but in respect to tastes, habits, excellencies, eccentricities or peculiarities of many kinds, they are much indebted to the controlling influences of a chain of circumstances, acting for ages in the formation of their national character. We have tried briefly to illustrate this in the case of the Dane, German and Frenchman; let us now refer particularly to that very characteristic representative of the Anglo-Saxon race—the Englishman—and see how far the influences of locality, climate and history can be traced in his peculiarities.

The Englishman, as all know, is the most compounded being in respect to characteristics on the globe. There is a general blending of the peculiarities of other nations in his person. He has no peculiarities so clearly his own as the Frenchman or the German possesses. He has strong peculiarities, we admit, but they are not so much his own as they are the peculiarities of other nations combined in a forcible form; hence England has great force but no very great extremes of character. You can find in her a general flavor of the predominating qualities of other nations. Like her language, her habits are a general blending of the most approved expressions of the various nationalities, whose blood and history have been combined in her own.

Much of the strength of England can of course be traced to her position as a sea-girt isle—too far away, and too difficult to approach to be easily invaded; but much more can be traced to the combined blood of the ancient warriors of Saxony, Denmark, Normandy, and even Rome, which has been blended with that of her original tribes, the fighting Britons. She is an illustrious instance of the results of the cross-breeding of approved specimens.

The singular mixture of races that can be traced in English history, is remarkable, as not being merely the union with inferior or decayed specimens of the nations referred to; every addition she has received from any of these nationalities, has been from their hardiest, their most adventurous, their most daring and free thinking.

The first to associate their institutions, and in many cases, to mingle their blood with the native British race were the invincible legionaries of Cæsar, her Roman conquerors. Here is a peculiarity of England, whenever successfully invaded, she has always ended by absorbing her conquerors. In this peculiar way the dominating race that have built up English and American fame, have been produced by an overruling providence. The great Germanic race—the Anglo-Saxons—invaded England but to lose their national distinction and become absorbed into her population—Saxons no longer. Then the wild and hardy Dane—the sea kings of those days—conquered her but to succumb in turn to her institutions, and engraft their warlike stock upon her hardy race. Those restless spirits, the Normans, the chief representatives of disciplined warfare in those times, in turn contributed their martial prowess and their chivalric blood in the formation of English character; from which time on, English history is one continued story how daring revolters against priestly or kingly despotism made England their home and became amalgamated with her people, each bringing an accession of physical and mental daring to her characteristics. The fusion of

such races as these could but result in making the England, and from England the America, we know. We do not need to wonder why the possessors of so small an island should gain an empire upon which the sun never sets. With the blood of the adventurous spirits of such races combined, it would have been more wonderful if they had succeeded less.

While we trace the hardy character of the Englishman and his supremacy to the facts of his descent, his other peculiarities are as clearly derivable. His love of law and order are clearly from Roman blood and tutorage—his honesty and simplicity from the Saxon race—his seamanship from the Danes—his chivalrous and aristocratic notions from the Norman race, while for his commercial character he is doubtless indebted to his geographical position on the highway of commerce. In fact, nothing but a fighting, trading, mechanical people could have been produced on such shores, with such a history. The Englishman is not so gentle as the German, not so polished as the Frenchman, because raised in a more rugged land, with a more rugged history, and with a less genial clime. There has been nothing in his history or circumstances to cultivate, on a large scale, German abstraction or French delicacy; too much in the fight of the trading world to have time for abstract inquiry; too much jostling and struggling to get and hold, to perfect French exquisiteness. Solidity is, therefore, of necessity the Englishman's characteristic—ornamental but strong. "*Granite all*," said Emerson, when he stepped upon Liverpool quay, and such is English character—rugged, enduring, granite-like—susceptible only of small ornamentation, but calculated to stand. It is no accident that has made the Englishman what he is. God of course has done it by moulding in his character the elements of strength.—There has been more to call out the energies of stability, and less to feed the taste for show—hence he is less an artist but more a mechanic. "Great" on solid construction, but comparatively unfertile in design.—Utility is the Englishman's forte; this can be seen in his pictures, his sculpture, his architecture, his music, his oratory, and even his very furniture, the chief feature in all plainness and strength. It takes a sunny clime like Italy to feed the imagination and produce those glorious artists of music and song—it took Germany and France to make German and French characteristics, and it took the rugged shores of Britain, and her more rugged experience, to produce the Englishman of past and present time.

A POLYTECHNIC FOR UTAH.—The great strides lately made in educational matters in our midst, points to the necessity for the institution of a Polytechnic, or museum, for the collection and exhibition of all matters connected with the illustration of Science and Art. Chemical and Astronomical apparatus—or indeed Scientific apparatus of any kind—if on a scale large enough to be useful, are too expensive to be had everywhere. Some suitable place where such things can be collected and displayed is therefore essential. Our progressing students, whether male or female, need when passing from theory to practical experiment, some place where they can at their leisure inspect the cabinet of Geological specimens, the Orrery with its miniature globes, the Diving Bell (in miniature if nothing else) or the Air Pump—a place where ma-

chinery can be explained by suitable models, and the application of Electrical apparatus be demonstrated before their eyes. Such a place is the one where lectures can be delivered with real effect; and where as much can be taught in an hour as can be obtained by a month of mere abstract study. An institution of this kind could be commenced by small or large donations of money or specimens from the lovers of intellectual progress. A Parent Institution in this city would soon lead to the formation of representative branches in all our settlements.

As our business, as a magazine, is the promotion of all that is truly educational, we submit these suggestions to all interested.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

The following, forwarded us by "H. M." will, we trust, be a consolation to many a love-torn swain:

"TIS SWEET TO HAVE SOME ONE TO LOVE.

'Tis sweet to have some one to love,
And 'tis a sweet pastime to woo;
But, oh! 'tis a joy far above,
To know that the lov'd one loves you.
Yet, should some one else be preferr'd,
Though doubtless, the trial is great,
For such an offence 'tis absurd,
That love should be turned into hate.

Do charms which attracted before
All vanish or cease to exist?
When one you profess to adore
Declares you're not first on the list,
If not, then continue to love;
For love in itself, hath a charm,
And, though hope delusive may prove,
True love can do nobody harm.

METAPHYSICAL.—The qualities of an individual appear to be very greatly influenced by the condition of the mother's mind previous to birth. More or less of her character and feelings at that period seem to be stamped upon children through life. Wonderful instances of the effect of strong impulses acting upon the maternal mind are before the world. The situation of the mother of Napoleon previous to his birth, called up in her the exercise of the qualities for which he was afterwards so distinguished. Celebrated mathematicians and others remarkable for extraordinary calculating power, have been able to trace the possession of their peculiar faculties to the fact that the mind of their respective mothers were, at the period referred to, strongly exercised upon such subjects. If the mothers of the future race could be surrounded with objects of beauty and refinement, placed continually before their eyes in the daily occupations of life, there is no doubt that a tendency to all that is tasteful and exquisite in matters of art would, to a great extent, come with them into the world. In the same way moral impulses and tendencies can be more or less imparted. Of course on the same principle, animal, brutal, and degrading propensities can be induced in the future men and women of this world. This does not destroy free agency any more than the acknowledged influence of parental example and association AFTER BIRTH has that effect.

SEVENTIES' LECTURES.

At the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening last, two interesting lectures were delivered, the first by Mr. Wm. J. Silver, on the nature and application of the mechanical forces, including the wedge, pulley, wheel, lever, etc. Mr. Silver illustrated his lecture by suitable diagrams, etc. This lecture, although, as stated by the lecturer himself, one respecting the mere alphabet of mechanical science, was full of valuable information, and corrective of some popular errors as to the object of some of the forces referred to. We hope in due time to be able to present our readers with Lessons on these and kindred matters in our Educational department.

Mr. Woodmansee's lecture was on the History and resources of the Valley of the Mississippi, a region particularly interesting to the majority of our citizens, by its identification with their early history. Mr. Woodmansee drew attention to its first discovery by De Soto. His exploration of the country impelled by a thirst for gold, with one thousand men clad in steel armour, he referred to the melancholy end of that expedition which resulted so disastrously that one hundred and sixty years elapsed before any European vessel entered the Mississippi; and even the Anglo-Americans themselves living one hundred years in ignorance of its character, while only separated by the Alleghany mountains. The late occupation of this vast region, and the circumstances by which all that portion which did fall under foreign dominion, was thrown back into the hands of the United States, Mr. W. considered a providential arrangement with a view to the greatness and sway of the best form of government devised by God. As an illustration of its fitness for the starting point of the history of mankind and the final seat of empire. Mr. W. referred to its amazing fruitfulness. In the article of corn alone, in 1860, six hundred million of bushels being raised. As to population, he supposed, this year it would reach the amazing number of twenty-two million souls, covering about seven hundred and fifty million square miles of the richest soil on earth, the whole having been settled within the memory of men now living.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

[FROM THE "ATHENÆUM."]

The following extracts are from Queen Victoria's Book, which is made up from a Journal of her Life in the Highlands. They are interesting on account of the references to her private life and experience. Not having been yet published here we present them:

IN THE HIGHLANDS—THE QUEEN'S LUCKY FOOT.

"We scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box, made of hurdles, and interwoven with branches of fir and heather, about five feet in height. There we seated ourselves with Bertie, Macdonald lying in the heather near us, watching and quite concealed; some had gone round to beat, and others again were at a little distance. We sat quite still, and sketched a little; I doing the landscape and some trees, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted for nearly an hour, when Albert fancied he heard a distant sound, and, in a few minutes, Macdonald whispered that he saw stags, and that Albert should wait and take a steady aim. We then heard them coming past. Albert did not look over the box, but through it, and fired through the branches, and then again over the box. The deer retreated; but Albert felt certain he had hit a stag. He ran up to the keepers, and at that moment they called from below that they 'had got him,' and Albert ran on to see. I waited for a bit; but soon scrambled on with Bertie and Macdonald's help; and Albert joined me directly, and we all went down and saw a magnificent stag, 'a royal,' which had dropped, soon after Albert had hit him, at one of the men's feet. The sport was successful, and every one was delighted—Macdonald and the keepers in particular—the former saying, 'that it was her Majesty's coming out that had brought the good luck.' I was supposed to have a 'lucky foot,' of which the Highlanders 'think a great deal.' We walked down to the place we last came up, got into the carriage, and were home by half-past two o'clock."

SALMON LEISTERING.

"We walked with Charles, the boys, and Vicky to the river-side above the bridge, where all our tenants were assembled with poles and spears, or rather 'leisters' for catching salmon. They all went into the river, walking up it, and then back again, poking about under all the stones to bring fish up to where the men stood with the net. It had a very pretty effect; about one hundred men wading through the river, some in kilts with poles and spears, all very much excited. Not succeeding the first time, we went higher up, and moved to three or four different places, but did not get any salmon; one or two escaping. Albert stood on a stone, and Colonel Gordon and Lord James Murray waded about the whole time. . . . Not far from the laundry there was another trial, and here we had a great fright. In one of the places there was a very deep pool, into which two of the men very foolishly went, and one could not swim; we suddenly saw them sink, and in one moment they seemed drowning, though surrounded by people. There was a cry for help, and a general rush, including Albert, towards the spot, which frightened me so much, that I grasped Lord Carlisle's arm in great agony. However, Dr. Robertson swam in and pulled the man out, and all was safely over, but it was a horrid moment. A salmon was speared here by one of the men; after which we walked to the ford, or quarry, where we were very successful, seven salmon being caught, some in the net, and some speared. . . . We heard afterwards that our men had carried all Captain Forbes's men on their backs through the river. They saw the fishing going on, and came to the water's edge on the opposite side; and on being greeted by our people, said they would come over, on which ours went across in one moment and carried them over,—Macdonald at their head carrying Captain Forbes on his back. This was very courteous, and worthy of chivalrous times."

MOUNTAIN TALK.

"I and Alice rode part of the way, walking wherever it was very steep. Albert and Bertie walked the whole time. I had a little whisky and water, as the people declared pure water would be too chilling. We then rode on without getting off again. Albert talking so gayly with Grant. Upon which Brown observed to me in simple Highland phrase, 'It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always "content."' Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown said, 'Every one on the

estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction.' I said; they certainly did."

Later note by the Queen.—"We were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders—with whom one comes in contact so much in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good breeding, simplicity, and intelligence, which make it so pleasant and even instructive to talk to them."

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

"We walked on a few hundred yards, and then mounted our ponies a little higher up, and then proceeded across the other shoulder of the hill we had come down yesterday; crossed the boggy part, and came over the Polach just as in going. The mist on the distant hills, Mount Keen, &c., made it feel chilly. Coming down the peat-road to the Bridge of Muich, the view of the valleys of Muich, Gairn, and Ballater was beautiful. As we went along I talked frequently with good Grant. We found my dearest Mother's sociable, a fine large one, which she has left to Albert, waiting to take us back. It made me very sad, and filled my eyes with tears. O, in the midst of cheerfulness, I feel so sad! But being out a great deal here, and seeing new and fine scenery, does me good."

Later note by the Queen.—"Grant told me in May, 1862, that, when the Prince stopped behind with him, looking at the Choils which he intended as a deer-forest for the Prince of Wales, and giving his directions as to the planting in Glen Muich, he said to Grant:—'You and I may be dead and gone before that.' In less than three months, alas! his words were verified as regards himself! He was ever cheerful, but ever ready and prepared."

From this volume of familiar journalizing the public will obtain a knowledge of those little details of family life which show how like the royal house is to other English houses. Thus they will learn that nearly all members of the royal family are known among each other by pet names. The Crown Princess of Prussia is called Vicky, the Prince of Wales, Bertie, the Duke of Edinburgh, Affie, and Princess Christain, Lenchen. We find by these confessions that, contrary to the common belief, the Queen was a poor sailor, generally ill at sea, while the Prince, though not a good sailor, contrived to keep pretty well.

The volume is inscribed, "To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy."

SWEDENBORG'S CURIOUS POWERS.

[FROM THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SECTS.]

"Madame Harteville, the widow of a Dutch envoy at Stockholm, was, some time after the death of her husband, asked by Croon, the goldsmith, for the payment of a set of silver plate, which her husband had ordered to be made by him. The widow was indeed convinced that her deceased husband was too orderly and particular in his affairs, not to have settled and paid the account; however, she could find no receipt to testify the payment. In her trouble, and as the value was considerable, she entreated M. de Swedenborg to pay her a visit. After some apologies, she besought him, if he possessed the gift of being able to speak with departed souls, as every body said he did, to have the kindness to inquire of her departed husband, respecting the demand of payment for the set of silver plate. Swedenborg was very affable, and promised to serve her in this affair. Three days afterwards, the same lady had company, when M. de Swedenborg came, and told her in his cool manner, that he had spoken with her husband. The debt had been paid seven months before his death, and the receipt had been put in a bureau which was in an upper apartment. The lady replied that this bureau had been cleared out, and that the receipt could not be found amongst any of the papers. Swedenborg returned, that her husband had told him that, if a drawer on the left side of the bureau was pulled out, a board would be observed, which must be pushed away, and then a secret drawer would be discovered, in which he used to keep his secret Dutch correspondence, in which, also, he had placed the receipt. At this indication, the lady, accompanied by all her friends, went to the upper apartment. They opened the bureau, and proceeded according to Swedenborg's instruction.—They found the drawer of which the lady had not known, and in it the papers and receipts were met with, to the very great astonishment of all present.

But the following occurrence appears to me to have the greatest weight of proof, and to set the assertion respecting

Swedenborg's extraordinary gift, out of all possibility of doubt. In the year 1756, when M. de Swedenborg, towards the end of September, on Saturday, at four o'clock p.m., arrived at Gothenburg from England, Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock, M. de Swedenborg went out, and after a short interval, returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had broken out in Stockholm, at the Sundermalm. (Gothenburg is about three hundred English miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, 'Thank God! the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house.'

This news occasioned great commotion through the whole city, and particularly amongst the company in which he was. It was announced to the governor the same evening. On Sunday, Swedenborg was sent for by the governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely, how it began, in what manner it ceased, and how long it continued. On the same day, the news was spread through the city, and as the governor had thought it worthy of attention, the consternation was considerably increased; because many were in trouble on account of their friends and property which might have been involved in the disaster. On the Monday evening a messenger arrived at Gothenburg, who had been despatched during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him, the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On the Tuesday morning, the royal courier arrived at the governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately after it had ceased, for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock.

A MUSICAL DOG.

["LONDON SOCIETY."]

Frederick Schwartz, a merchant retired from business in Darmstadt, occupied his leisure hours which were many, almost exclusively with music. His passion for the art acquired such an intensity that he required every one about him to fall in with his musical predilections by either vocal or instrumental co-operation. There was not a member of his household who could not take a part in the family concert. Even the maid of all work, in case of need, could make out one of Schubert's melodies or an opera cavatina. Poodle, the dog, was the only one unable to render any musical assistance.

As worthy Herr Schwartz felt the utter impossibility of making Poodle afford any practical aid, he determined to train him to fill the office of critic in his own harmonious community. He succeeded, too, by an ingenious method. Whenever a note out of tune proceeded from a voice or an instrument; every time that a musical fault was committed by any member of the family,—and such faults were committed purposely,—the rod was applied to Poodle's back, and he naturally began to bark and bowl. He was exactly in the position of the whipping boy, who pursued his studies with the royal prince. Whenever the prince made a grammatical blunder, the whipping boy had to smart for it.

Before long, simple threats were substituted for smittings of his (Poodle's) back; afterwards a look sufficed to set the creature barking; and little by little Poodle familiarized himself with wrong notes and other musical atrocities, until at last a mistake could not be committed without his rebuking it either by a bark or a growl. He thus became, as far as music was concerned, the most impartial judge, the most conscientious critic in the whole grand duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Unfortunately, his appreciation of musical art was completely and solely negative. He bestowed no praise, but only blame. Sing with expression, perform with talent, the dog would remain impassive and cold; but at the slightest incorrectness or intonation he ground his teeth, lashed his tail, growled, yelped, and barked aloud. So long as he flourished,—and he may flourish still,—not a concert or an opera was rehearsed in Darmstadt without inviting Herr Frederick Schwartz and his dog,—but more especially the dog. If the prima donna made the slightest slip, the dog looked at his master with an air of disapprobation. If the hautboys came in too late, Poodle pricked up his ears; if the clarionet hurried the movement,

Poodle fidgetted on his bench; if the kettle-drummer broke the time, Poodle uttered audible murmurs. In fact, no piece was considered properly executed unless the canine connoisseur remained quiet on his seat.

Nor must it be supposed that Poodle's instinct was limited to forming a judgment of the execution only. His intelligence, trained by hearing classical works, seemed to have penetrated some of the secrets of composition. An abrupt modulation, a false resolution, would produce symptoms of doubt on Poodle's muzzle; consecutive fifths made him shudder, and a halting melody set his teeth on edge. Sometimes Herr Schwartz and his intimate friends, in the privacy of a snug little quartette party, would amuse themselves by producing discordant sounds, for the sake of tormenting the sensitive animal.

On such occasions Poodle lost all self-command; his hair stood on end, his eyes became bloodshot, and frightful howlings answered to the discord produced by the fiddles of the mystifiers. Moreover, they were obliged to keep within certain bounds. Poodle possessed only a limited stock of forbearance. If the cacophony was too intense or too prolonged, Poodle, carrying out his sense of duty, upset everything. Music-stands, music-stools, and instruments were strewn in confusion about the room.

Finally, negotiations are in progress for the engagement of Poodle—or, if he be superannuated and retired on half-pay, of one of his descendants—to attend the musical entertainments to be given in London during the current winter. We shall see to how many the four-footed critic will listen with placid and undisturbed attention.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

To promote her husband's interests, Mrs. Benj. Franklin attended shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lampblacks, blanks, and other stationery. At the same time she was an excellent housekeeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also. Sometimes, Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time she performed all the work of the house without the assistance of a servant. Nevertheless, she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage, his breakfast was bread and milk, which they ate out of a twopenny earthen vessel, with a pewter spoon; but one morning, on going down to breakfast, he found upon the table a beautiful China bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to \$10. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbors. Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and most flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided at her husband's liberal table as gracefully as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a two-penny bowl.

CHARLES DICKENS AND SIR E. B. LYTON.

The foreign correspondent of the "Boston Post" says: "He does not recall the early portraits where he shone with beautiful black eyes, splendid hair and the complexion of healthy youth. He has not fallen off indeed as Lord Lyton has done. If you stand in Knebworth Hall, as I have stood, and look at the portrait of Sir Edward Lyton Bulwer, by Maclise, you will find it difficult to believe that the elderly gentleman in an old-fashioned blue coat, with a stoop in his shoulders, high collar and stiff neckerchief round his throat, and who puts his hand behind his ear when you speak to him—was the original of the painting. Charles Dickens is not a contrast of that kind. He has escaped the ill-health which has shattered the author of 'Pelham.' But his hair is iron-gray, and scanty; he wears a moustache and pointed beard, and his face has a red-brown tinge which sometimes reminds one of the complexion of Louis Napoleon.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

THE TWO CHARLOTTEs.—A gentleman narrates the following information respecting the unfortunate Empress of Mexico, which was communicated to him personally by the late King Leopold of Belgium, the Empress's father. Speaking of her beauty (she was then but a dark, slender child,) the King said, "I think she will be the handsomest princess in Europe; if that could bring happiness." Then, after a pause, and with the grave smile so peculiar to him, he added, "You know I cannot flatter myself my queen wished to marry me; and for myself also I will say nothing; we both had other views. But every day since our union has taught me more and more what an excellent and amiable person she is; and about our children she has said many amiable things. It was her wish that the name of Charlotte should be given to our daughter. She said, 'I know your heart was given to Princess Charlotte of England; it is a love with many sad and touching memories attached to it. I would like that our child also should bear that name of Charlotte; and I pray God she may have nothing of the destiny of her whose name it was, except your affection.'"

GRIMALDI AND HIS PORTER.—Pantomimes are extinct. The craft to construct this ancient kind of drama is lost. To afford some idea of what the "comic business" used to be, hear how Grimaldi treated a scene. The prompter in dismay informed the great mimic that certain tricks were not ready, nor would be so for at least five minutes. Grimaldi reflected a moment, looked round, saw a pot of porter in the prompter's box.—"All right," said he, send on a boy with that tippie." On went the clown, and following him the boy. Grimaldi soon stole the liquor, and despatched the bearer. He proposed to drink it. Conscience arrested him. A discussion ensued in gesture between him and Conscience. The discussion grew hot. They quarrelled. He proposed to fight Conscience for the porter. Down he put the pot on one side, and the fight began. At the end of the second round, he took a pull at the liquor. At the end of the third, another refresher. Conscience put in "a nasty one" in the wind. He recovered himself by another application, and so on, until when at last Conscience was declared winner, the pot had been emptied. By this time, the prompter signalled that the next scene was ready, and Grimaldi limped out of sight, drunk, but repentant.—Where be your clowns now?

WATER-COLORED BIRDS.—A correspondent writes about the pinion feathers of the Cape Lory, spoken of as spotted with crimson. He says there are no spots; "There are thirteen or fourteen feathers in each wing, deep crimson; the last four or five taper off to deep green. I have shot these birds on the Eastern Frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, and during rain they are always found with tightly closed wings, securely sheltered from the wet. And why? Water will extract the crimson color! a fact I have proved; for, on placing a feather in a glass, the water becomes tinged a beautiful rose color. I believe this fact is but little known."

COUNT BISMARCK'S SOCIAL DIPLOMACY.—The "Dahmeim" tells a story of Count Bismarck which amusingly illustrates the well-known fondness of the great minister for a practical joke. One day, while he was dining in his hotel at Frankfort at the table d'hôte, he observed two young ladies sitting opposite to him who were talking and laughing in a very loud tone. He soon perceived that they were making fun of the company, and that their remarks were especially directed against himself; but he could not understand a word of what they were saying, as they spoke in the Lettish language, evidently making sure that no one at the table was acquainted with it. Although the count was ignorant of the language, he had, however, learnt two or three Lettish words during a recent tour in Courland, and he determined to use his knowledge so as to disconcert his fair assailants. Turning to a friend who sat near him, he whispered, "When you hear me speak in a foreign language give me your watch key." Meanwhile the ladies went on talking more loudly than ever, and by the time the dessert was put on the table their hilarity had reached its climax. At length, during a pause after a somewhat heartier burst of laughter than usual, Count Bismarck said quietly to his friend, "Dohd man to azleck" ("Give me the key"). The effect was instantaneous; the ladies started as if they were shot, and with their faces covered with blushes rushed out of the room.

A THEATRICAL INCIDENT.—Rather an unusual incident occurred in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, the other night, while "Perfection" was in performance, prior to the commencement of the pantomime. Miss Leclercq as "The Lady of Munster," has occasion to say something of her Corkagian origin in the closing scene. No sooner had she uttered the words than a silly yokel in the gallery shouted "She's a Fenian." The hated term aroused at once the anger of the house, and a tempest of groans and yells surged up, which would not be appeased short of the expulsion of the offender—an operation which was summarily performed. Rising en masse, the audience gave vent to their loyalty and satisfaction in a ringing shout, and resumed their seats, quietly permitting the performance to proceed.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MAGIC BREATH.

Half fill a glass tumbler with lime-water; breathe into it frequently, at the same time stirring with a piece of glass. The fluid, which before was perfectly transparent, will presently become quite white, and if allowed to remain at rest, real chalk will be deposited.

TWO BITTERS MAKE A SWEET.

It has been discovered that a mixture of nitrate of silver with hyposulphate of soda, both of which are remarkably bitter, will produce the sweetest known substance.

TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE ROSE.

Hold a red rose over the blue flame of a common match, and the color will be discharged wherever the flame touches the leaves of the flower, so as to render it beautifully variegated, or entirely white. If it be then dipped into water, the redness, after a time, will be restored.

TO HOLD A HOT TEA KETTLE ON THE HAND.

Be sure that the bottom of the kettle is well covered with soot; when the water in it boils, remove it from the fire, and place it upon the palm of the hand; no inconvenience will be felt, as the soot will prevent the heat being transmitted from the water within and the heated metal, to the hand.

LADIES' TABLE.

FLOWER-PATTERN EDGING.

MATERIALS.—Get as near as possible what is known in England as Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 16 or 20, and Penelope crochet hook, No. 3.

1st Pattern.—1st Flower.—Make a chain of 12, and work 1 single in the first stitch to make it round, and through the round loop of 12 work 1 double, 4 chain, 4 long, 4 chain, and 1 double 6 times. Then 24 chain for the 2d flower, turn, miss 11, and work 1 single in the 12th stitch, cross the stem of 12, and through the loop of 12 work 1 double, 4 chain, 2 long. Join to the last 4 long of the first flower, and through the same round loop work 2 long, 4 chain, and 1 double, then 1 double, 4 chain, 4 long, 4 chain, and 1 double; repeat from * 4 times more, and end with 1 single, and fasten off.

2d Pattern.—Work as 1st pattern only joining the centre of the 2d, 4 long of it to the 5th, 4 long of the 2d flower of the 1st pattern; repeat as 2d pattern to the length required and fasten off. For the heading along the top, work 1 treble through the last 4 long of the last flower; * then 6 chain, and through the 12 chain between the flowers work 5 long, then 6 chain, and 1 treble on the first 4 long of the next flower, 3 chain, 1 long on the last long stitch of the next division of the same flower, 3 chain, 1 long on the last long stitch of the next division of the next flower, 3 chain, 1 treble on the next 4 long of the flower; repeat from * to the end and fasten off. Then work a treble row as a finish. This edging would also look very pretty worked in No. 36 cotton for little children's under garments.

CARPETS

May be cleaned thus:—After having been taken up and thoroughly beaten, they should be laid down again upon the floor which in the meantime, should have been thoroughly washed, dried, and free from dust; brush it well on both sides with a hand-brush; scour it on the right side with soap and water, to which a little ox-gall has been added until bright and clean; rub it dry with linen cloths, and hang it in the wind to dry, or lay it on the grass if handy.

FEATHER BEDS

Should be shaken every day, and turned; let the bed-room window be wide open while you perform this operation; turn mattresses once every three weeks—not later than once a month. Wash brooms and brushes once a week; hang them up to dry. It will prevent the wood from rotting by properly draining the water from the hair.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 4.

I have said that the comparisons which I have introduced might probably assist your conceptions of the geological crust; but they, like most analogies, do not represent the whole case. In the examples mentioned, the process of cooling goes on from the surface to the centre, until the whole mass—cinder, cavity, and drop—are all perfectly cooled down. This is not the geological theory about the earth's crust; for, if the process of cooling continued, the earth would become refrigerated or cooled to its very centre; and then there would be no heat under its crust. This process of cooling to the centre would take myriads of ages. Some geological chemists have endeavored to calculate that, from the known laws of radiation of heat, the complete cooling of the globe would take about two hundred millions of years.

Though the above instances of incrustations be imperfect, I want you to keep in mind the ideas of the cinder, the cavity, and the molten globule. Examine them; find any objections you can against them; but keep them in your mind. The principal difficulty in the above illustrations is that they will not account for the continuance of the heat under the crust. You must, therefore, try to imagine that the molten globule has some power of perpetuating its burning heat, though the crust above the cavity continues hard and cool. How can this be done? You must suppose that solid, fluid, or gaseous elements form compound bodies, and that when these different elements pass into new combinations, the process is always accompanied with heat, and that the heat becomes intense, in proportion to the rapidity with which the combination is formed.

Take an instance. Chemists inform us that if you take clean iron filings, and mix them with a larger quantity of sulphur, and with as much water as will form the whole into a kind of paste; and then bury the paste in the earth, and press the earth firmly on it; in a few hours the whole mass will swell. In consequence of this swelling, the earth will be raised up into a hillock, sulphurous vapors will make their way through the cracks and crevices made by the force pushing upward, and sometimes flames will appear. Now, suppose that this mixture of sulphur and iron could be introduced into the cavity which we have imagined, and that the crust above it was so thick and hard and heavy, that the heat could not push it up. Still there would be heat in the cavity, or in the globule.

You see, then, that it is possible for elements or gases to exist in the cavity, which will continue the heat and keep the molten drop burning and floating. As it continues to burn, it will consume the sides of the cavity, and wear away the roof. It will, in time, enlarge the cavern, till the drop has become an immense molten lake. This molten lake or sea will, by growth of heat, acquire also intensity of power for action, until it crack the roof, and swell up the ground or crust till it burst asunder, and thus form fissures for the escape of smoke, flames, and melted matter. That there are such immense caverns in the crust of the earth, has been argued mathematically by appealing to the irregularities, which have been observed in the vibrations of the pendulum in different countries.

Your disciplined imagination must now be directed to the thickness of the crust of the earth. It is computed that our globe is in diameter—that is, from its upper surface to its lower one—in round numbers, about 8,000 miles. The crust of the earth has been mathematically shown to be at least four hundred miles in thickness. Were it even twice this thickness, its thickness would be consistent with the actual phenomena observed, and with the theory of universal fluidity at one time. It is, therefore, easy to imagine that, in a crust of four hundred miles thick, it would be very practicable for deep and immense lakes, or large seas, of melted matter to exist, and be widely distributed, in subterranean caverns, provided that they be so enclosed in the crust as to move with it in the daily rotation of the earth.

Mr. Hopkins, of Cambridge, has endeavored, by profound mathematical calculations on the nutation of the earth's axis, and on the precession of the equinoxes, to fix this thickness at 800 miles. This thickness may scarcely be admissible, since we do not know the condensing power of high pressure, and the expanding power of very intense heat. As this thickness is supposed to be extreme, geologists generally estimate the thickness of the crust, as inferred from experiments on the pendulum, &c., to be, in different countries, at from two to four hundred miles.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS:
FOR MARCH.

Prepare for spring operations, in the field, in the kitchen garden and in the orchard. Let the necessary implements for agricultural labor be put in order, and save valuable time in good weather. As soon as the frost is out of the manure, pile it up to drain, and scrape up every pound ready to be put to use: for the manure heap is the richest gold mine. Let the ground where large trees grow be mulched with long manure to the extent of their outside twigs, to answer three purposes: First, to retard too early blooming; secondly, to obstruct rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil; and, thirdly to enrich and pulverize the surface soil and check the growth of weeds. If it has not been done in the fall, sow salt upon asparagus beds, and cover three or four inches thick with fine manure. Look at rhubarb; manure and prepare to force. Do not dig strawberry beds until after the fruit is gathered. Gather water cress, and eat it freely; and let those who are of a cold habit indulge in a little horse-radish. Cut back peach, plum, apricot, and cherry, and thin out apple and pear trees. Cut scions, and lay them away for grafting and budding when the sap flows. Plant young trees, and root-graft grape vines. Turn and manure lucerne and clover-beds. Manure and dig for kitchen-garden where the ground is not too wet. Secure good seeds from reliable seedsmen, and do not trust those seeds of which you are doubtful. In warm land, sow onion seed for early table use, and eat them freely.

Plant carrots, parsnips, turnips, and peas for an early crop; and sow cabbage seed that you can rely upon; also radish, lettuce and cress. Sow mulberry seeds, and plant cuttings of mulberry trees which have a large and unbroken leaf; also fruit seeds of all kinds. Plow, and sow wheat as early as possible, do not let a grasshopper frighten you; and upon all your doings, ask the blessing of God. W.

INSTRUCTIONS TO BRICKLAYERS.

ON HOLLOW WALLS.

In various parts of Europe, it has long been the practice to build hollow walls, and it is now admitted to be the best mode of building brick houses. It gives a greater amount of strength with an equal quantity of brick and mortar; as a preventive of dampness, dispenses with the necessity of the usual practice of firing-off with wood; saves the cost of lathing the interior walls, the plaster being laid directly on the inner face of the brick-work. It is alleged, however, and perhaps with some foundation in truth, that in warm, southern climates, the wood-firing is the best preventive. Whatever theories may be advanced on the subject, experience must be admitted as the most satisfactory test.

There are different ways of building these hollow walls. In some cases, a double course of brick is built on the outside, then a space equal to the width of a brick is left for the hollow portion of the wall, and a single course of brickwork is built for the inside wall. These two walls—the outer and the inner—are then connected by tie bricks thrown across the opening about every two bricks in the length of the wall—These tie bricks of course are lapped alternately first on the inner and then on the outer wall.